GERMANY AND JAPAN HAVE PLANS FOR INVASION OF UNITED STATES

Continued from First Page.

spired for political ends, and following her wars with China and Russia and the American acquisition of the Philippines, her people have left home in increasing numbers to settle in our Pacific possessions. Indeed, from 1900 to 1908 no fewer than 65,000 Japanese landed in the Hawaiian Islands, and the departures during that period amounted to 42,000. The retirements were mainly of the military unfit, while those left behind were veteran soldiers, veteran in the sense that they had had war service.

At the time Homer Lea wrote "The Valor of Ignorance" the Japanese in California constituted more than one-seventh of the male adults of military age, while in the State of Washington they numbered quite one-ninth of the male population of military age. These are the men which, according to Homer Lea, are counted upon by Japan to cooperate from within with the forces to be brought from over sea.

It is not possible to do more than cover broadly and briefly the potential plans of invasion which were actually matured at the conclusion of the Russo-Japanese war. The project embraced, apart from the taking of Hawaii and the Philippines, the subjugation of the great valley reaching from Puget Sound, back of the Coast Range, down to the southern limits of California and the utilization of the existing railroads in that region, railroads without parallel neighbors beyond the mountain barrier to the east. This absence of a flanking line prohibits the movemnet of defensive troops across the front that would be covered by the Japanese once they obtained possession of the region between the Sierra Nevada and the Coast Range Mountains.

To reach this goal the plan of the Japanese studiously avoids the frontal attack of any of the Pacific coast cities guarded by fortifications. These are to be reached from the rear of the defences and by way of available harbors of minor commercial importance but of the greatest strategic value to the invader.

In speaking of the defences of the Columbia River, which would be one of the possible landing places, Homer Lea says the mouth of that waterway is "defended by three forts—the entire defence of the State of Oregon—against invasion. Yet the combined power of all these guns is less than that of the guns on a single Japanese dreadnought." At the same time he disclosed the weakness of the available personnel assigned to those batteries. Again he has said, "The defence of Washington is relegated to three forts on the upper reaches of Puget Sound," and according to him they are even more impoverished in the matter of troops than those on the Columbia River.

Agreeably to the general scheme of the Japanese campaign the fleets would direct their operations upon Gray's Harbor, Willapa Harbor, Columbia River and Astoria, with the ultimate aim of establishing the centre of the army in the neighborhood of Centralia, Wash., with the left flank pivoting near Seattle and the right flank having its centre upon Portland, Ore.

The conquest of California with San Francisco as the ultimate goal would be effected by landing troops well north and well south of that city. According to Lea Japan would "land simultaneously at Monterey and Bodega bays a total force exceeding 170,000 veteran troops. Debarking 50,000 at or above Bodega Bay, from three to five days march north of the Sausalito defenses, and the balance at Monterey Bay, six days march south of the American defences across the San Francisco peninsula, the Japanese have the alternative of five strategic moves to bring about the seizure or capitulation of the American forces together with San Francisco and central California.

"Simultaneously attacking both positions: on the north, 50,000 Japanese regulars against less than 10,000 American regulars and 20,000 militia on lines fifteen miles in extent, and on the south 120,000 Japanese regulars against less than 25,000 American regulars and 45,000 militia on lines of thirty miles in extent."

This array of American forces is based on the assumption that we should be able to draw so many troops from various parts of the Union. It is debatable whether or not we could do this under existing circumstances.

As Homer Lea has said, "The general public does not comprehend the limitations of permanent fortifications in modern warfare. They not only do not force an attack, but on the other hand serve to divert the direction of an enemy's advance." Therefore the forts at the entrance to San Francisco Bay would avail naught except against a fleet, and the Japanese squadrons would be used only to cover the landing of their army corps at unguarded bays from possible interference by our own ships of war. The permanent defences of San Francisco would be assaulted in the rear just where their guns cannot be trained.

The southern limits of the Japanese campaign include Los Angeles, and the possession of that city would put the enemy in control of the railway lines converging at that point, the strategic means of transportation leading thence northward through the valley. Now it is evident why Major-General Story said: "Japan can land within three months on the Pacific coast 400,000 troops and seize, with only insignificant resistance, Seattle, Portland, San Francisco and Los Angeles."

What the Japanese could do on the Pacific coast the Germans could duplicate in a general way here on the Atlantic seaboard. Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington could be approached on the flanks of existing fortifications and, always assuming that the United States fleet has been gravely crippled, our only protection would rest upon the strength of our army, both regular and militia. Once inside of the capes of the Chesapeake, and there are no coastal batteries there to keep an enemy out, a foe's fighting craft and transports would have a comparatively easy thing of it in reaching either Baltimore or Washington from landing places upon the open shores of that bay.

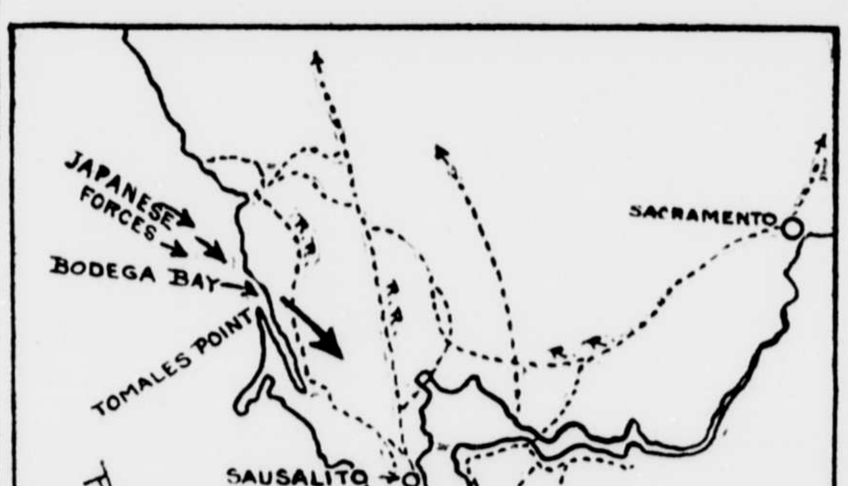
To reach New York, as German schemes of invasion contemplate, two ways are open, one involving an attack upon the defences at the eastern end of Long Island Sound and the forcing of a passage through the Race. This would at once place the railroad system of the Connecticut shore at the disposition of the invaders, with the consequent strategic command thence scattered eastward toward Boston or westward upon the rear of New York.

The alternative scheme would use the western end of Long Island as a base with a landing place in the neighborhood of Far Rockaway. As the chart shows, there is plenty of water just off Rockaway Beach for the biggest of German dreadnoughts, and at that point, anywhere between ten and twelve miles from Sandy Hook, the enemy could not be reached by the guns of the permanent defences of the metropolis. In short our forts would be useless because the invaders would advance upon Greater New York from the rear of the existing batteries.

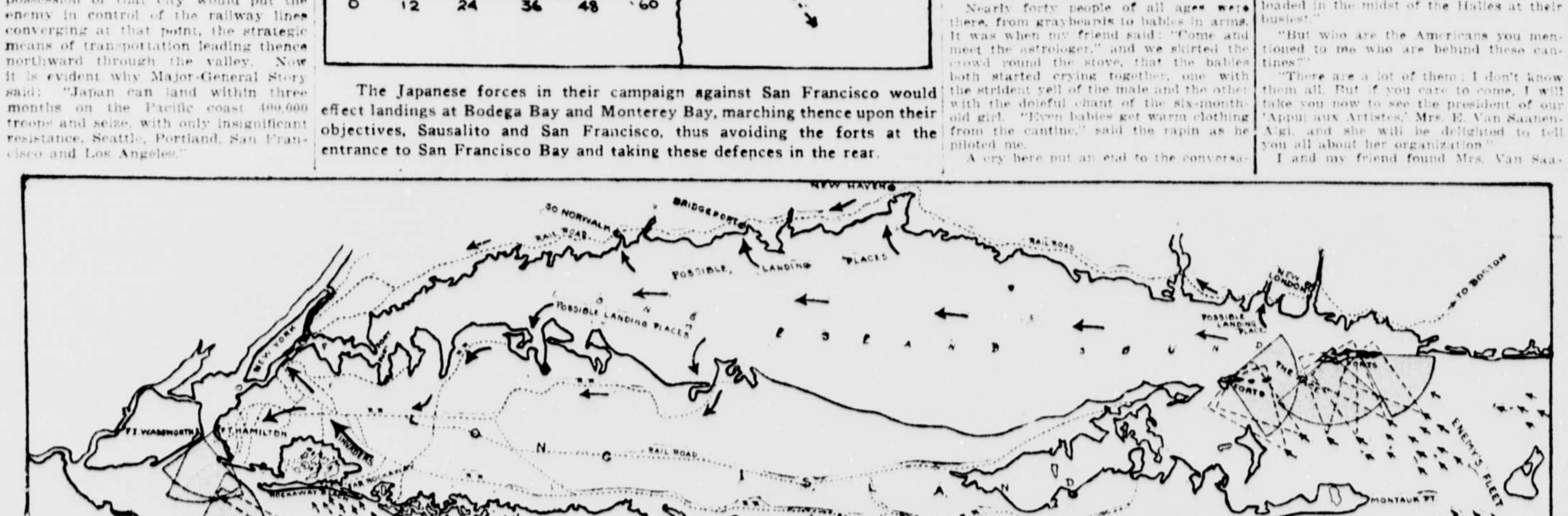
Once invested by the invaders New York would be at the mercy of the German guns and millions could be exacted in the way of ransom. The German campaign contemplates just this method of bringing the United States to terms.

The Japanese campaign on the other hand, has in view the conquest of the Pacific slope and the permanent holding of that rich territory. As Homer Lea has described it, the invaders' rear to the eastward would have for a moat, as it were, the arid deserts beyond the Sierra Nevadas, while the latter would be nature's ramparts against which all our efforts would be futile should the Japanese hold the valley to the westward.

Col. Roosevelt has promised to make a "more exact explanation," but whatever may be his disclosure, these are the broad facts involved. Both the Japanese and the Germans have given the world the amplest proofs of their capacity and their desperate courage in the face of disheartening odds.



The Japanese forces in their campaign against San Francisco would effect landings at Bodega Bay and Monterey Bay, marching thence upon their objectives, Sausalito and San Francisco, thus avoiding the forts at the entrance to San Francisco Bay and taking these defences in the rear.



The alternate methods by which an enemy planning invasion could reach Greater New York. Shaded sectors show the utmost range of our coast defences. The dotted sectors indicate the effective fighting ranges of the foe's naval guns, which, at those ranges, would be more destructive to our forts than the guns of our batteries would be against armored ships at the limits of the shaded sectors. The heavy arrows indicate the possible lines of advance and landing places that might be chosen by the enemy. As far as possible the purpose of the invaders would be to make their landing out of the reach of our permanent defences, and the Rockaway Beach shore offers a particularly advantageous point for such an operation.

Speed and Economy Attained by Moving Artillery on Touring Cars

Special Correspondence to THE SUN.

LONDON, Nov. 15.—An important experiment in the transportation of artillery by motor was made recently by the West Riding R. H. A. (Territorial Force) under command of Lieut.-Col. Earl Fitzwilliam.

Lord Fitzwilliam, believing that the ordinary touring car chassis of medium power would suffice for the hauling of the horse artillery gun and limber on ordinary roads, had a number of chassis fitted with simple towing attachments for the test, which proved entirely successful.

The guns, with their ammunition wagons and the cars, were assembled on a Friday night at Wentworth Woodhouse, Lord Fitzwilliam's seat near Sheffield, the general idea being that Great Grimsby was the objective of a hostile raid and that an urgent telegram had been received from the G. O. C. Northern Command ordering the battery to move with the utmost despatch to Waltham, three miles from Grimsby, and await orders there.

To comply with this order it was necessary for the wagons to proceed first to Selby, where the West Riding depot is situated, to obtain ammunition, then to return south to Gainsborough, where they were to be joined by the guns which would go direct from Wentworth, the whole column then proceeding to the appointed place. All this entailed a journey of 118 miles for the wagons, the guns, not having to make the detour to Selby, covering only seventy-three miles to Waltham.

Accordingly the wagons were despatched at about 2 A. M. and the guns left Wentworth at 7 o'clock. A speed of twelve to fifteen miles had been looked for if all went well, but there was anxiety as to whether the gun wheels would stand up to the fast running on the bad road surfaces which had to be traversed. From first to last an average speed of about twenty-one miles an hour was maintained, the speed of the column at times being well over thirty. The guns and their fittings stood the journey well, one loosened gun shield being the only damage.

No difficulty was experienced in handling the cars either up or down hill, though those handling the guns had 38 hundredweight behind them. The only alteration made to the ordinary touring chassis was the fitting of a simple towing bollard, which took four and a half minutes to detach and replace at the conclusion of the operations. The cost of the whole fitting is not more than $5.

The experiment proved that a whole battery can be in action nearly eighty miles from its base within five hours of the order to march. The time for rail transport had been carefully ascertained, and motor transport beat it by between eight and nine hours—and with far less labor. Had the battery gone by road with its own teams it would have taken, roughly, four days to bring it into action, with the horses fit.

The military authorities were obviously very deeply impressed by the experiment, and it is understood that a scheme is to be submitted to the War Office under which motor car manufacturers producing types of chassis suitable for artillery transport would be subsidized in order that the authorities might have available a sufficient number of cars fitted for towing in case of sudden emergency.

Americans in Paris Organize Artists' Help Society for Benefit of Poor Painters and Their Models

Mrs. Van Saanen-Algi Is President of the Managing Committee.

PARIS, Nov. 10.—"Rodin—Rodin the Master—is almost without a sou," said my friend the rapin. "I am told he is in London with hardly 300 francs a month to live on. That is why he cannot help us. Isn't it shameful that such a great man should be cut off from his money like that?

"I tell you," he went on, "this war has killed art—killed it completely. You cannot sell the merest trifle now, unless it be by chance, at the most absurd price. A poor fellow was beaten down the other day to 7 francs for a vase worth 50. And he was glad to get even that. Think of it!

"We artists, you know, are suffering more than other people. Trade is depressed, but it is not stagnant. There are no more books to be written just now, but there are the newspapers. But for us there is nothing—except the secours from the Mairie.

"Yes, it would have gone ill with us in Montmartre and with our comrades in Montparnasse if the Americans had not come to our rescue.

"Americans?" I inquired.

"Why, yes, the Americans. Naturally Bonnat, that magician of the brush, and others of the Fraternite des Artistes, are doing their share, but for the immediate coping with the cardinal question of food, we have to thank foreigners—Americans. It is they who spent their own money, who obtained more funds from across the Atlantic and who set the cantines going."

"Do you mean to say you individualist Montmartrois are feeding in groups in cantines? It seems incredible. Where?"

"We must. Most of them are situated in vacant studios. Look here, if you like, I will take you to lunch in one on the very pinnacle of the Butte."

In Old Montmartre.

Thus it was that next morning I found myself trying to keep pace with the rapid stride of my long legged friend, the rapin, as he ascended the steep incline of Rue Lepic. Up and up we went until we passed through an iron gate, from which the green paint was crumbling, into Bohemia—a little corner that would still be the Bohemia of Murger were it not Bohemia in wartime. Just behind the wide arms of the picturesque Moulin de La Galette we entered a long alley, flanked by trees and hedges, behind which were wooden studios, like Swiss chalets, of different sorts and sizes—the last vestige of artistic Montmartre.

He turned and led me down a short path to one of the studios. The door bore two signs, "Atelier de Fernand Buzon et John Wasley" and "L'Appui aux Artistes." In a moment he had knocked and entered, and I found myself among a crowd of about forty men and women grouped around a huge stove, upon which various pots and saucepans were singing and exhaling appetizing odors.

From out of the crowd two men came forward and I was shaking hands with Fernand Buzon, a young man of unruly locks and piercing eyes, while John Wasley bowed his triangular head and smiled pensively.

The Secrets of the Stars.

Nearly forty people of all ages were there, from graybeards to babies in arms. It was when my friend said: "Come and meet the astrologer," and we skirted the crowd round the stove, that the babies both started crying together, one with the strident yell of the male and the other with the doleful chant of the six-month-old girl. "Even babies get warm clothing from the cantine," said the rapin as he piloted me.

A cry here put an end to the conversation. "A table! A table!" The throng dispersed from around the stove and scattered down the studio. Each found his accustomed place, produced his napkin—you never saw any one French eat without a napkin, though there be no tablecloth—and awaited with avid looks the first course.

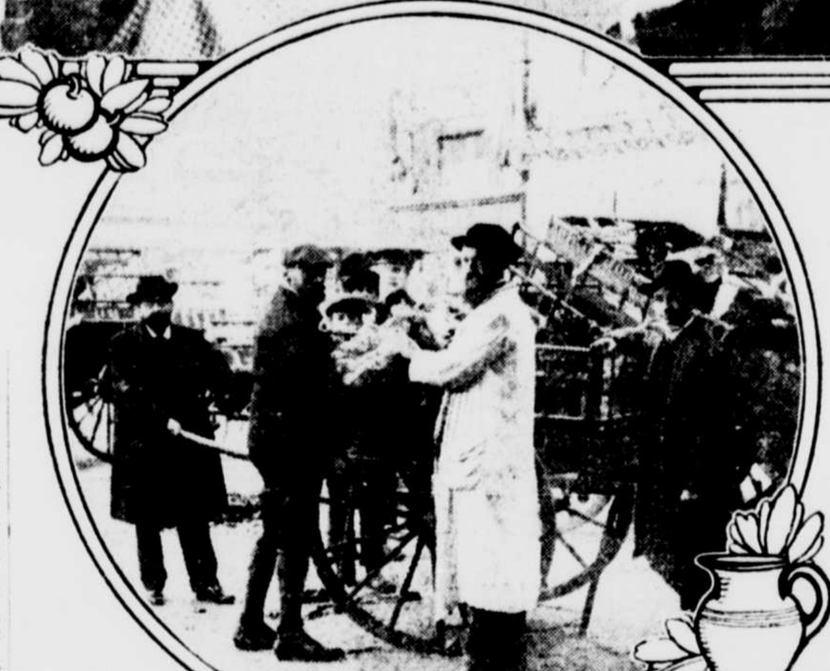
The conversations were not in the least artistic. A model opposite me was deploring the death of the professional cyclist Jean Bouin. A little further along a sculptor was tracing with a hand hardened by the chisel and wrinkled by wet clay the approximate front of the Allies. His fair neighbor expressed high hopes in the offensive of the Russians. The astrologer was discussing the amatory habits of birds.

The bœuf miroton, with potatoes left over from the soup, truncated the expression of his rather curious views on the subject. The meat was excellent, and a second helping was offered. The thin people were the most eager in accepting.

The Collectivist Dinner.

"Another forty men and women are at present lunching in the cantine opposite," said the rapin, who had seated me beside himself. "Thus eighty people are fed up here morning and evening. The cantine opposite is held in the studio of my friend Francesco Durio, who infuses his 'cerebral art' into magnificent ceramics, some of which are in the Luxembourg Museum, and all of which deserve to be better known.

"Yes, we buy the food ourselves. We don't always have meat, but when we do it is because we have had an opportunity of acquiring some cheap. Two or three of us go down to the Halles twice a week to get fresh provisions. We save a lot of money by buying vegetables wholesale, but it is hard work pushing a couple of hundred kilos of potatoes and a hundred kilos of other vegetables up the hill. Provision merchants will make no deliveries in war time, you know. I will show you a photograph of our handcart freshly loaded in the midst of the Halles at their busiest."



Paris artists put their sous together and thus are able to get enough to eat during the war.

"But who are the Americans you mentioned to me who are behind these cantines?"

"There are a lot of them; I don't know them all. But if you care to come, I will take you now to see the president of our 'Appui aux Artistes,' Mrs. E. Van Saanen-Algi, and she will be delighted to tell you all about her organization."

I and my friend found Mrs. Van Saanen-Algi making short work of a packet of Maryland cigarettes.

"Yes," she said, in the musical drawl of the South, "I have practically organized the 'Appui des Artistes' myself. And I am delighted with the results achieved so far.

"The organization was formed by me under the auspices of the Ligue de Protection Sociale and we are affiliated with the Fraternite des Artistes, which recognizes the good work we are doing. I am the president of the managing committee, Vicomtesse Giselle de Rancougne being the vice-president, Miss Enid Yandell the secretary and my husband the treasurer.

"Our offices are at 119 Boulevard Raspail, while gifts of clothing, &c., are also gratefully received at 10 Rue de la Grande-Chaumiere.

"Among our patrons are Rodin, Bonnat and Frederick MacMonnies. The latter has given us considerable pecuniary help.

"It is needless to tell you that we have found a most satisfactory response to our request for subscriptions among the American colony here in Paris. Not only have artists like Alexander Harrison, the marine painter, and Whitney Warren, the New York architect, helped us handsomely, but Mrs. Myron T. Herrick, Mrs. E. H. Harriman and E. Phelps Eno have considered it a privilege to be allowed to assist unfortunate Parisian artists thrown into indigence by the war.

"As a result of this generous assistance we have been able to set going seven cantines already, and we hope to increase this number as our funds grow.

Rodin, Bonnat and MacMonnies Are Patrons and Give Valuable Aid.

Two of them, as you know, are situated off the Rue Girardon, behind the Moulin de la Galette; another is in the vacant atelier of Suau on the place Pigalle; while the four others are in the Montparnasse quarter, three of them in the Rue de la Grande-Chaumiere and the fourth in the Rue Boissonade. This last one I direct myself and take my meals there. In fact, here is a photograph we had taken there the other day.

"In addition to food, we are making a point of giving clothing and food to those poor artists and models who are really in need of them. I love Montmartre and Montparnasse and the delightful people who haunt those quarters, though I am afraid they are disappearing now. And I am determined we shall not let them suffer more than can be helped by the war.

"We are Americans at the head of the organization, and Americans, as you know, always see a thing through. The war may last throughout the winter, it may last the whole of next winter, but so long as conditions are as they are at present, we shall make it our duty to help those who, speaking as an artist myself, follow the highest calling on this earth.

"We have already raised considerable funds here; when they have been expended, our representative in New York, Miss Malvina Hoffman, will send us over the proceeds of her collections in the States. A lot of money has been subscribed to us from California.

"We intend to raise money in all sorts of ways. For one thing, later on, we propose to make a round of all the painters, draughtsmen and sculptors of reputation in Paris—American and French alike—and ask them each for some small work with which to form an exhibition in New York. The entrance money and the proceeds from the sale of these works should swell our exchequer a good deal.

"For we must certainly obtain as much cash as we possibly can. You see, it is my intention and hope to make the 'Appui aux Artistes' survive the war. When conditions have become normal again for most artists there will still be a large number of struggling young men and women in need of assistance and encouragement. For their benefit I propose to build, either in Montmartre or in the Latin Quarter, a large kind of club, where they will be able to take their meals at very moderate prices indeed—a little more than at the cantines at present—read the latest artistic papers and, if necessary, have the use of ateliers in which they can work under the best possible conditions, indispensable for the production of good work. But that, for the present," concluded Mrs. Van Saanen-Algi, with a parting smile, "is no more than a dream."

Germany and Austria Not Seeking Peace; Will Fight to the End

By DR. WOLF VON SCHIERBRAND.

VIENNA, Oct. 12.—There seems to be an idea abroad, particularly in the United States, that Germany and Austria-Hungary are anxious for peace. Nothing could be further from the truth. The other day I was seated in conversation with the American Ambassador here, Frederick C. Penfield, when a long cable despatch in cipher, just received from Washington, was brought in.

"Get the key and decipher it," said Mr. Penfield to the second secretary, "and let me have the message at once." So I put in: "Is President Wilson really anxious for peace at this early stage of the game?" "The President certainly is," replied Mr. Penfield.

"To what good?" I interpolated.

Mr. Penfield shrugged his shoulders. As a matter of fact there is no more chance of making Germany and Austria-Hungary capitulate at this particular crisis than there would be to stop a man from betting on his four kings in a hand at poker.

The enormous military and strategic strength of Germany begins only now to be slowly understood abroad, as affairs unfold more and more. That she has gone into this struggle to the death against the world with her eyes wide open, people now commence to realize. Such a war armor as hers the world has never seen before. The decisive weapon in this whole fight—artillery—has been wrought by her to an unheard of degree of perfection. Her field batteries, her heavy guns, the motor batteries (made by the Skoda Works of Pilsen) borrowed of her ally, Austria-Hungary, and above all, her 42 centimeter howitzers and mortars of Krupp make and which, despite all the scientific spying of Russia and France for years past, remained a dead secret up to the day of storming the Liege fortifications, on August 7—guns of such formidable power that nothing on the face of the globe can withstand them—all these things show Germany's military superiority.

All this—a sort of short summary in a way—I say because last night I was handed the latest available copy of a New York paper, and there to my amazement read war news from the allied capitals which agreed with nothing that I have read here.

It is quite interesting to spend some time among the wounded foreign soldiers, of whom at present there may be some 8,000 or 9,000 in the various hospitals and convalescent asylums of Vienna and vicinity. Altogether, it is figured, about 35,000 wounded are housed here. The foreign ones are mostly Russian and Servian, although there is a sprinkling of French, Belgian, English and Montenegrins among them. Physically, it must be owned, the Russians make the best impression, being mostly tall, strong, broad chested chaps, but their mental density is almost past belief. Through an interpreter I spoke to one of them, a typical moujik (Russian peasant), and inquired whether he knew what this war was all about. With a sheeplike smile he replied that nobody had told him except his sergeant, an old soldier, who had assured him that "somewhere" there existed a "Jewish Czar" who had to be "licked."

The Servians, even in captivity, even while sick and feeble, retain their native ferocity. At first they all had believed that they would be massacred at leisure. But even after being cured of that notion they remain morose. Curiously enough, they do not at all agree with their Russian fellow prisoners, although they can make themselves understood after a fashion in their Slavic tongue. Usually the Servians and Russians have to be separated; else they will get to scuffling with one another.

"Dead Man's" Message Halts Funeral

CHEYENNE, Wyo., Nov. 28.—With preparations complete for the funeral of their son, Robert, who was reported killed in a wreck near Springfield, Mo., Mr. and Mrs. William Bollin of this city received a message from Fort Worth, Tex., signed with his name and stating that he was in good health.